

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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[No. 19.]

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

VIRTUE AND SCIENCE CONNECTED.

IT is frequently observed that, in the common concerns of life, there is a visible connexion between our duty and our interest. The same observation may be also extended to such a course as is devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. If bent on literary pursuits, we are anxious to improve our minds so as to excel in the several branches of science; for the attainment of our purpose, it is greatly for our interest, that our hearts be conformed to the rules of piety. For I think it may be clearly evinced, that a virtuous habit is much more favorable to scientific improvement, than a habit of the opposite nature. I am ready to grant that some vicious men have arrived at great eminence in the literary world. The writings of several such prove them to have possessed great strength and vivacity of mind. But this concession will not warrant us to conclude that the same writers would not have been still more eminent, had their minds been habitually influenced by the power of religion. Had Voltaire resembled the immortal Newton in his piety, who knows but he might have equalled him in greatness of mind? However this might be, fact will not compel us to believe that a vicious course of life is as favorable to mental improvement, as a virtuous one. And were we to form a catalogue of the greatest ornaments of the literary world, I am persuaded we should find, that the greatest number of those, who have been most distinguished for genius and knowledge, is composed of such as possessed the purest principles and the most blameless characters.

If we consider the nature of many of those studies, which the friends of science pursue, we may easily see the propriety of the foregoing remarks. Many of the sciences require the closest attention of the mind, and greatest diligence, for their investigation. Such are the Mathematics, the Philosophy of nature, and Metaphysics. In such studies as these, is it probable that indolence will have as favorable an effect as a diligent activity? Is it probable that he whose mind is in a continual fluctuation, agitated with opposite desires and conflicting passions, can with equal success investigate the secrets of nature; as he who possesses a serenity of mind, and a heart filled with that peace which is divine? The vicious mind feels not that composure and tranquillity, which the friends of virtue enjoy. Conscience often disturbs the repose of the guilty; fear and discontent are their

constant companions. "Nothing," says Quintilian, "is so much hurried and agitated, so contradictory to itself, or so violently torn and shattered by conflicting passions, as a bad heart. Amidst the distraction which it produces, what room is left for the cultivation of letters, or the pursuit of any honorable art? No more, assuredly, than there is for the growth of corn in a field, that is overrun with thorns and brambles."

But on the contrary, nothing is more favorable to the prosecution of honorable and useful studies, than a habit of the purest virtue. In the first place, it creates in the mind a generous emulation to excel. It affords a more unvarying and vigorous spring to exertion, than all the motives of envy or ambition. Virtuous emulation is ever consistent with itself, and is attended with the pleasure of innocence; while ambitious and envious desires are inconstant, contradictory, and vexatious. Secondly, a virtuous disposition, as Dr. Blair observes, "leaves the mind vacant and free; master of itself; disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency." And lastly—It greatly increases the pleasure which is derived from the acquisition of knowledge. The human mind, while it cautiously avoids all painful objects of attention, pursues and investigates, with the greatest freedom and facility, those subjects which yield the most delightful reflections. But in many kinds of study, it is impossible that the enemies of religion should receive that satisfaction which its friends enjoy. Can the guilty soul derive pleasure from philosophical studies, by discovering the wisdom, the power, and the universal agency of that God whom he has offended? Can he, with the pious and philosophic Addison, be delighted by reflecting on the omniscience and omnipresence of the Deity? Will it be pleasing to him to find himself in the sovereign hand of the Almighty? While these things cause painful reflections to the ungodly, the pious find them a source of the purest satisfaction. Such are pleased while they discover the traces of divine wisdom in every object. They must delight to pursue a subject where every step they advance gives them gentle intimations of the power, the goodness, and the ubiquity of their almighty friend. Though the stranger to religion may, thro' stupid insensibility, avoid the painful reflections which these subjects would naturally produce in the minds of the guilty; yet it is certain that he must be unacquainted with those pleasures, which they occasion to the pious soul. The virtuous, therefore, have this advantage over others, that, from many

of their literary pursuits, they derive pleasures to which the guilty are total strangers. And whoever considers how much influence a present satisfaction has in facilitating our progress in science, and how powerful a motive it is to urge us to vigorous exertions, must at once be convinced how much more favorable to scientific improvement is a habit of virtue, than its opposite.

EUNOUS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Independency of Spirit.

THE high notions and independent spirit of man have, frequently, been eulogized as the basis of his superiority, and the operative principles, which keep him in the sphere of greatness. The orator, when haranguing his countrymen, on the business of state, on the unjust aggressions of an enemy, on the necessity of defence and chastisement, touches with peculiar warmth and pathos on the dignity of their natures, and appeals to the heroic ardor of their souls, to redress the insults. The historian, with peculiar pride, records the noble achievements of his species and, thus, rears a lasting monument of praise to their memory. He tells us of the open manliness of the Scythian ambassador, and the undaunted magnanimity of Tell. But, if from this sideway view of human nature, we should expect to find the same nobleness of soul in every individual, great indeed would be the error; these are but solitary instances, like spots of verdure in deserts of sand. Many, too many, for the honor of human nature, act solely from mean and selfish views, which extend no further than individual emolument, and so insensible, are they, to true greatness and honor, that no means, however despicable, and degrading, are considered as improper to accomplish the end. To find one man, emphatically man, whose soul disdains the cunning of little minds, and looks on artifice and intrigue, as the offspring of meanness and folly, who would rather die in solitude than raise himself to eminence, by flattering the foibles of the great, would be more difficult, than to procure whole hosts of courtiers to fawn at the feet of exalted haughtiness, and feed its vanity with fulsome adulation. There is a meanness in the minds of many, which is made subservient to the love of superiority. It is this, which actuates the tyro in science, to watch with a jealous eye, and cringe at the nod of his directors, when flattered with the prospect of a medal, or credential of superiority. It is this, which ever surrounds the great with flatterers and spies, who extol their imperfections, and excite their rage against those, whose conscious merit disdains

the intrigue of groveling minds. Whoever thinks, to wheedle and deceive, to obtain the favor of a superior, shews himself at once devoid of merit and elate with vanity. Merit ever seeks to be raised on its own foundation, and despises preferment, purchased at the expense of honor and integrity. Equally weak and detestable with the author, is he, who, gratefully receives, and rewards the fervile labors of subjects, servants and sycophants. In him are united the same groveling disposition, the same vanity and deceit, if really destitute of magnanimity and honor, and were he placed in the same situation, he would follow the same detestable practices. There are different grades in society, which ought always to be regarded. It is not meritorious and praise worthy, only, but a duty to act toward superiors with due deference and respect. But when the limits of these are exceeded, actions partake of a fervile meanness, degrading to the character of man. It is, likewise, a duty in the great to encourage orderly and respectful conduct and repress the refractory, but detestable is the man, who shall suffer merit to droop unnoticed, and give its reward to *base artifice and sycophancy*. R.

SELECTIONS.

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

From Fellowes' Christian Philosophy.

ROUSSEAU has been too often extolled as a philanthropist. Mr. Burke said of him, that he loved his kind and hated his kindred. The exposure of his children, by whatever sophistry it may be excused, is an indelible blot on his humanity; and invalidates all his pretensions to philanthropy. For, can that philanthropy be genuine, which is founded on the extinction of the parental affections; and which, with more than savage brutality, forsakes the poor innocents it brings into the world?

Every page of Rousseau glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which he is so great a master; and which he arrays in all the blandishments of eloquence. Hence the source of that admiration, which his writings have so universally excited.—Though his judgment, as a philosopher, was not profound; yet his taste was so exquisite, that he strews flowers in the most rugged way, and interests the passions and the fancy, in the investigation of the most abstract propositions. This is his great excellence.

In his new *Eloise*, the interest consists, not so much in the diversity or the combination of the incidents, as in the beauty of the sentiment, and the magic of the diction. The picture of Julia is highly finished; but it leaves on the mind more impressions of respect than of tenderness, of admiration than of love.—At times she appears an heterogeneous mixture of apathy and passion, of prudence and of coquetry. In some situations she wants tenderness, in others firmness; and she is often less governed by the warm impulses of affection, than by the abstractions of philosophy.

His *Emilius*, though marked by the illuminating touches and the original conceptions of genius, yet, considered as a system, is more conspicuous for its singularity than its truth. It portrays a system of education, which, if

it were universally adopted, would keep the human species in a state of permanency between light and darkness, between savage barbarity and civilized refinement. It would counteract the moral and physical improvement of man, the progress of knowledge, and the productiveness of industry.

Though Rousseau had little beneficence, yet his writings, breathing nothing but the reciprocal love and kindness and confidence of the Golden Age, contributed, by their wide diffusion and their enchanting eloquence, to render humanity fashionable; and they have, at least, this merit,—that no man can well rise from reading them, without feeling a higher respect for his species.

That extreme and febrile sensibility, which was the characteristic peculiarity of Rousseau, while it proved the origin of many of his miseries, was, perhaps, a principal source of his greatness. It imparted a singular delicacy, freshness, and animation to every page of his writings. His feelings, in whatever channel they flowed, rushed on with a resistless impetuosity; but, in the end, they made a wreck of his understanding. His judgment was lost in the unremitting turbulence of his sensations; and in some intervals of insanity, he exhibited the melancholy prospect of genius crumbling into ruins.

The language of Rousseau was always a faithful mirror of what was passing in the heart; which now thrilled with rapture, and now raged with passion. Of his style, the peculiar characteristic is exuberance of imagery; profusion, without distinction of lustre. It often resembles a landscape, in which there is a great assemblage of beautiful forms, without any intermediate spots of barrenness; but without any objects of a striking and prominent grandeur; and, in the contemplation of which, the eye is, at last, fatiated by the uniformity. Yet, highly coloured as is the eloquence of Rousseau, I believe that the generality of readers would peruse his works with less relish, if they were less adorned. And it must be confessed, that the ornaments, with which they are embellished, are not the frippery and patchwork of a paltry artist, but the rich copiousness of an highly saturated imagination; and they often possess a charm, of which even the apathy of the coldest critic can hardly be insensible to the fascination. He who wishes to perfect himself in those delicacies of language or curious felicities of phraseology, which impress a palpable form, a living entity on the fleeting tints and sensations of the heart, should carefully analyse the genius of the style of Rousseau; should search into the causes, from which result the beauty and splendour of his combinations; and endeavour to extract from an attentive perusal of the *Eloise* and the *Emilius*, a portion of that taste by which they were inspired.

ABBE RAYNAL's *Eulogy on Mrs. DRAPER, the ELIZA of STERNE.*

TERRITORY of Anjengo, thou art nothing; but thou hast given birth to Eliza! A day will come, when these staples of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coasts of Asia, will exist no more. Before a few centuries are elapsed, the grass will cover them, or the Indians, avenged, will have built upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man.

Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say: There it is that Eliza Draper was born; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride, And there it was that she was born of English parents.

Let me be permitted to indulge my grief, and to give a free course to my tears! Eliza was my friend. Reader, whosoever thou art, forgive me this involuntary emotion. Let my mind dwell upon Eliza. If I have sometimes moved thee to compassionate the calamities of the human race, let me now prevail upon thee to commiserate my own misfortune. I was thy friend without knowing thee; be for a moment mine. Thy gentle pity shall be my reward.

Eliza ended her days in the land of her forefathers, at the age of three and thirty. A celestial soul was separated from a heavenly body. Ye who visit the spot on which her sacred ashes rest, write upon the marble that covers them: In such a year, in such a month, on such a day, at such an hour, God withdrew his spirit, and Eliza died.

And thou original writer, her admirer and her friend, it was Eliza who inspired thy works, and dictated to thee the most affecting pages of them. Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind. I wept over thee with Eliza; thou wouldst weep over her with me; and had it been the will of Heaven, that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together upon my grave.

The men were used to say, that no woman had so many graces as Eliza; the women said so too. They all praised her candor; they all extolled her sensibility; they were all ambitious of the honor of her acquaintance. The stings of envy were never pointed against unconscious merit.

Anjengo, it is to the influence of thy happy climate that she certainly was indebted for that almost incompatible harmony of voluptuousness and decency, which diffused itself over all her person, and accompanied all her motions. A statuary who would have wished to represent voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of modesty to display. Even the gloomy and clouded sky of England had not been able to obscure the brightness of that ærial kind of soul, unknown in our climates. In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence. Any man of courteousness alone must have loved her, but would not have dared to own his passion.

I search for Eliza every where: I discover, I discern some of her features, some of her charms, scattered among those women whose figure is most interesting. But what is become of her who united them all? Nature, who hast exhausted thy gifts to form an Eliza, didst thou create her only for one moment? Didst thou make her to be admired for one instant, and to be forever regretted?

All who have seen Eliza, regret her. As for myself, my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live. But is this sufficient? Those who have known her tenderness for me, the confidence she had bestowed upon me, will they not say to me, she is no more, and yet thou livest.

Eliza intended to quit her country, her relations, her friends, to take up her residence

along with me, and spend her days in the midst of mine. What happiness had I not promised to myself? What joy did I not expect, from seeing her fought after by men of genius, and beloved by women of the nicest taste? I said to myself, Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she who will close thine eyes. Vain hope! Fatal reverse of all human probabilities! My old age has been prolonged beyond the days of her youth. There is now no person in the world existing for me. Fate has condemned me to live, and die alone.

Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effects of this art were never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it served in her, only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. Such is the impression she had left in India; such is the impression she made in Europe. Eliza then was very beautiful? No, she was simply beautiful; but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.

Eliza has written; and the men of her nation, whose works have been the most abounding in elegance and taste, would not have disavowed the small number of pages she has left behind her.

When I saw Eliza, I experienced a sensation unknown to me. It was too warm to be no more than friendship; it was too pure to be love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me; she would have endeavored to bring me back to my reason, and I should have completely lost it.

Eliza used frequently to say, that she had a greater esteem for me than for any one else. At present I may believe it.

In her last moments, Eliza's thoughts were fixed upon her friend; and I cannot write a line without having before me the monument she has left me. Oh! that she could also have endowed my pen with her graces and her virtue! Methinks, at least, I hear her say, "That stern muse that looks at you, is History, whose awful duty it is to determine the opinion of posterity. That fickle deity that hovers o'er the globe, is Fame, who condescended to entertain us a moment about you; she brought me thy works, and paved the way for our connexion by esteem. Behold that phoenix immortal amidst the flames; it is the symbol of genius which never dies. Let these emblems perpetually incite thee to shew thyself the defender of humanity, of truth, and of liberty."

Eliza, from the highest Heaven, thy first, and last country receive my oath: *I promise not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised.*

After reading the eulogy of this incomparable woman, are there any of our readers, who have no desire to peruse those writings of which the Abbe Raynal speaks with such enthusiastic rapture? For the gratification of those of our readers, who love to banquet at the feast of sentiment, (and we presume there are none, who do not,) we shall publish the correspondence between Eliza and Sterne.

[Tab.]

Correspondence between Mr. STERNE and Mrs. DRAKER.

ELIZA to YORICK.

[No. I.]

MY BRAMIN,

I RECEIVED your Sentimental Journey—your imagination hath strange powers—it

hath awakened feelings in my heart, which I never knew I possessed—you make me vain—you make me in love with my own sensibility—I bedewed your pathetic pages with tears; but they were the tears of pleasure—my heart flowed through my eyes—every particle of tenderness in my whole frame was awakened. You take this method to improve the understanding—you convince the reason, by touching the soul; surely the greatest compliments an author can receive, are the sighs and tears of his readers—such sincere applause I amply gave you.

I beg, if you value me, that you would not flatter me—I am already too vain—and praise, from a man of sense, is dangerous.

I am, in the utmost sense of the word, your cordial friend,

ELIZA.

YORICK to ELIZA.

[No. II.]

I CANNOT rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise, but no matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing these frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodging by eleven, when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

ELIZA to YORICK.

[No. II.]

MY BRAMIN,

IT is with pleasure I inform you that I am better, because I believe it will give you pleasure.—You tell me, that a friend has the same right as a physician; then you may claim a double right—you are my friend and Physician; the most valuable of Physicians, that of the mind—come then, and bring the best cordial, the cordial of sentiment. If thy conversation does not eradicate my disorder entirely, it will make me forget that I am ill—I shall feel no pain while you are present:—To wish for you, you find is the interest, as well as desire of

ELIZA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELF acquaintance will show us what part in life we ought to act—so the knowledge of that will show us whom we ought to imitate, and wherein. We are not to take examples of conduct from those who have a very different part assigned them from ours, unless in those things which are universally ornamental and exemplary.

True honor results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us both by religion and the suffrages of wise men.—It is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them.

A wife and self understanding man, instead of aiming at talents he hath not, will set about cultivating those he hath, as the way in which Providence points his proper usefulness.

Diffidence may check resolution, and obstruct performance; but compensates its embarrassments by more important advantages; it conciliates the proud, and softens the severe; averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage.

Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled; like fire and water, they always destroy each other, according to the predominancy of either.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

The following is from the pen of Moore, and need only be read to be admired.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that croud the shore;
Then thou easily may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and fable, great and small,
Yes—I vow I've lov'd them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavor
Could not chain my heart forever.

ON MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

HOW oft does anger interrupt the joys
Of wedded pairs, and fill their rooms with
noise!
When passions, mounting to a whirlwind, rise,
They view each other with malignant eyes,
And in the heat, the hurry of discourse,
Illib'ral language from each other force.
Secrets, too oft, their hasty lips disclose,
Which their weak sides unhappily expose;
And, rashly, oft domestic tales relate,
Which bring disgrace upon the nuptial state.
'Gainst anger, married pairs, your bosoms
fence,
If ye would peace preserve, and prove your
sense.
'Gainst trifles guard your hearts with studi-
ous care,
For oft we find that "trifles light as air,"
Have weight sufficient in a luckless hour,
To rob the mind of its restraining power.

TO A LIBERTINE.

"THE fair are form'd for love,
Their very eyes confess;
Then who shall dare to blame
The girl that deigns to blefs?"

The maxim you advance,
I readily must own—
They're form'd for Love 'tis true,
But VIRTUOUS LOVE ALONE.

A piece of poetry, under the signature of 'Sensation,' has been received, and shall be inserted in the next number of the Tablet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A FRAGMENT.

In life's gay morn, what dazzl'ing prospects rise
To cheat our reason and to blind our eyes;—
Yes, do the best we can,
Our fondest hopes will often prove as vain,
As fear-form'd ghosts, that live but in the brain;
So frail a thing is man.

To day, his canvass swells with prosp'rous
gales,
Tomorrow, fickle fortune shifts the sails;
Thus beaten to and fro,
He learns to doubt of hope's transporting
forms,
To look, in peace for war, in calms for storms,
Alternate joy and wo.

Were all his paths bespread with flowers alone,
'Twould keep (as sad experience oft has shown)
The giver from his mind;
Should only thorns be scatter'd in his way,
Like Job afflicted, he might curse his day,
Or think his God unkind.

Since on our journey thro' this world of care,
Some must be up, some sinking in despair,
Let him who *has* and can;
Display his pity, help the humble poor,
For charity, tho' it decrease his store,
Still proves a man, a man.

If e'er I've power to sooth another's wo,
(And grant, O righteous Heaven, it may be so)
My pride shall be to try—
Misfortune's children shall be doubly dear,
I'll wipe the widow's and the orphan's tear,
And bless them when I die. A. Z.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MISS ELECTA H*****.

Yes, my Electa, Spring returns,
And with it brings unnumber'd joys;
But still I sigh where'er I rove,
And conscious grief my peace annoys.

When rambling through the fields and groves,
I, pleas'd, inhale the ambient air,
Unheeded oft I breathe the sigh;
For why? Electa is not there.

Yet why this grief? will not suspense,
That's caus'd by fear, fly far away?
Will not thy presence bring content,
And brighten Friendship's pleasing ray?

Ah! yes my girl—but tell me when
Shall Friendship's arms infold thy form,
Preserve thee from pale Sorrow's tears,
And shelter thee from every storm?

Despondence says I grieve in vain,
And that unheeded I may mourn;
But Hope, presenting lovelier scenes,
Tells me Electa will return.

Her I believe, and joyful yield my heart
To Hope's fair prospects bright'ning into bliss;
May you, my friend, with equal ardour trust;
Nor be deceiv'd in plans of Happiness.

SELIMA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Souhegan Grove.

FIRST OF MAY.

DEAR MIRA, shall the smiling May,
The vernal sun's diffusive ray
By us unheeded be?
Soon as Aurora shall unfold
Her orient blush, with streaks of gold,
I'll hie away to thee.

Along Souhegan's flow'ry side,
Where nature yields her choicest pride,
And zephyrs mildly play;
Where, from the orchards, every gale
Shall waft sweet odours thro' the vale
We joyfully will stray.

We'll range the meadows, fresh and gay;
The lark shall hail the joyous day,
'Awake from soft repose';
I'll pluck the flowrets, blest and rare,
And twine a garland round thy hair,
To shade the blushing rose.

Ye pretty nymphs and gentle swains,
Who like to ramble on the plains,
Come join our social glee,
Charm'd with the scenes of rural life,
From care secure, unknown to strife,
We'll gambol on the lea.

EUGENIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

*A Pastoral Ballad—In four Parts.*BY SHENSTONE.
(Continued.)

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mein she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets she dresses his hair;
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet than the Jessamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare;
"What is eglantine after a show'r?"
"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with despoite,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer,
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.
Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.
She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain;
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the fight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

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